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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Antar; a Bedouex Romance. Translated from the Arabic, by Terrick Hamilton, Esq. London, 1820. 12mo. Vols 2, 3, and 4.

When the first volume of this remarkable book was published last year, we expressed a very favourable opinion of it, and quoted copiously from its contents, to justify that opinion. The three volumes now before us, complete (we believe) the first part of the Arabian work, which is of great length; and continue to exhibit a curious picture of the customs and manners of the Arab tribes antecedent to the era of Mahomet. With what change the introduction of his religion has made, these habits seem to have descended to the nineteenth century; and the narrative of the adventures of Antar, though sufficiently marvellous, may be consulted as no bad account of Arabia at the present moment. Four volumes may probably be thought somewhat too much of the matter; but, if we give up, as we in truth must do, the point of entertainment to that extent, we still adhere to our predilection for the publication, as a literary curiosity.

The author continues to relate the loves of Antar and his cousin Ibla; the opposition to their marriage by the family of the latter; the wars and encounters, the treachery, murders, and exploits, arising out of the circumstances, which retard or promote their union. The whole concludes with a magnificent marriage, at which all the tribes of Arabia, 360 in number, are feasted.

There is too much sameness in the combats, and the reader becomes fatigued with the repetition of sword-strokes, which divide men and horses into four equal parts, and other prodigies of valour and strength of the like description. In fact, it requires almost the courage and perseverance of Antar to get through four volumes of fights, all so similar in incidents and results: the novelty ceases, and attention flags, under the ponderous load of exaggeration and wonderful events. We shall, however, endeavour to spare our readers the weariness which we have experienced; and, while we enable them to form a judgment upon Antar, amuse them by selecting the most interesting and diversified passages.

An immense Persian army, under Prince
VOL. IV.

Chodawend, the son of Chosroe, invades Arabia, and, after a skirmish, the following characteristic circumstances are told.

"And the Persians alighted in their tents, and the land and the desert were filled, and whilst they were reposing, Khodawend ordered a letter to be written to the tribe of Abs commanding them to submit; and let it be mentioned that in that case I will stand as mediator between them and my father, but if they resist I will not spare one of them either high or low. Accordingly the vizier wrote a letter to King Zoheir to the above effect, stating,—Khodawend is advised to destroy you, but he has had compassion on you; he has resolved on acknowledging you the supports of his government, and the abettors of its greatness. Feel therefore the value of this intention, and presume not to thwart the imperial government.

"Having folded the letter, he gave it to a satrap, and ordered him to depart. He also honoured him with ensigns and standards, and gave him an escort of twenty Persian horsemen, with an interpreter called Ocab, son of Terdjem. The tribe of Abs had alighted, and not one remained on horseback but Antar and Maadi Kereh, who on observing the satrap, Antar said to Maadi Kereh, O chief, verily there is a satrap advancing towards us, he probably wants us to surrender ourselves to him that he may take us and hang us on the balcony; I rather wish to begin with them before they commence with us. They were in conversation, when lo! the satrap came up to them; he did not salute them, but asked for King Zoheir. He inquires for King Zoheir, said the interpreter, for he has a letter from Khodawend for him. We, O Arab, said Antar, have read your letter before its arrival; in it your prince orders us to surrender ourselves without fighting or contending. Pull that satrap off the back of his horse, said he to Shiboob; ay, and the rest too. Seize all their property; and if any one dares struggle with you, treat him thus—and at the word he expanded his arm, and pierced the satrap: though the chest, forcing the spear out quivering through his back, and he hurled him down dead. When his comrades saw what Antar had done, they cried out for quarter, and surrendered themselves to Shiboob, who bound them fast by the shoulders. As to the interpreter, he shuddered. May God requite you well, said he, for you have answered us before even reading the letter. If this indeed is the honorary robe for a satrap, let it not be so for an interpreter; for I have children and a family, and I am but a poor fellow. I only followed these Persians, but with the prospect of gaining some miserable trifle. I never calculated on being hung; and my children when I am gone will remain orphans.

So he wept, and groaned, and complained, thus expressing himself:

"O knight of the horses of warriors that overthrow; their lion, resembling the roaring ocean. By your awful appearance you have disgraced heroes, and reduced them to despair. As soon as the Persian sees you he is dishonoured; if they approach you, and extend their spears against your glory, they must retreat, or there is no security. Have compassion then on your victim, a person of little worth, whose family will be in misery when he is gone. Not the thrust of the spear or battle are among my qualifications. I profess no fighting; I have no cleaving scimitar. My name is Ocab: but indeed I am no fighting man, and the sword in the palm of my hand only chases pelicans."

"Antar laughed at Ocab's verses. O Aboolfawaris, said Maadi Kereh, it would be foul indeed to hang this fellow. He has confessed his crime. Antar let him go. Return to your family, said he, and go no more to the Persian, or you will be in danger; for when they see you safe they will accuse you, and perhaps will put you to death. You are very right, my lord, said he: by the faith of an Arab, had I known these Persians would have been thus worsted I would not have quitted you; and probably I might have managed to secure some of their goods, and have returned with it to my family. Sheikh, said Maadi Kereh, this business has failed: but, come, take the spoils of this satrap, and return to your family, and pass not your evening a dead man. Ay, my lord, said Ocab, he is a wise fellow who returns safe to his friends. So he ran up to the satrap and despoiled him. Round his waist was a girdle and a sword, and when Ocab saw all that wealth he was bewildered; and having completely rifled him, O my lord, said he to Antar, I will never separate from you again. I wish you would present me to your king, that I may kiss his hand, and offer him my services: then indeed I will for ever cleave to your party, and whenever you slay a satrap I will plunder him. Antar laughed heartily: But, said Maadi Kereh, O Aboolfawaris, you have slain the satrap, and now King Zoheir cannot consult with him. O Maadi, said Antar, whenever any one comes to order us to surrender ourselves to him we will hang him, and not parley with him. Antar joined King Zoheir, and gave him the letter; he read it, and was much agitated. My lord, said Antar, what is the answer? Ranging and beheading must be the answer, said King Zoheir; so that Khodawend may send us no more of his satraps. I have done so, said Antar; and going out he saw that Shiboob had hung most of them; only three remained. He ordered him to shave their beards, and cut off their ears, and slung the

heads of those he had hung round their necks, and send them back to their prince. Shihob did as his brother ordered: one of them died on the road; two arrived, and their clothes were of the cornelian dyes; and when they stood in the presence of Zerkemal they grunted and blasphemed, saying, the fault is Khodawend's, who condescends to negotiate with these Arabs. Zerkemal introduced them to the prince, and informed him what had passed. Khodawend, on hearing this, swore by the fire that they must bring before him every Arab fettered, with their hands bound round their necks, or he would put to death every Persian he had with him. He passed that night in great anxiety for the appearance of day; and soon the men shouted among the troops; the horsemen mounted; the two armies prepared; the dust arose and obscured the land; the trumpets resounded, and shouts were raised; the imperial standards advanced; the Arab horse pranced, and the tribe of Abs also were eager for the contest in defence of their women and families, but they did not move far from the entrance of the mountains. Antar attacked the Persian, and scattered away their skulls. He wished on that day to keep off the Persians from the assault, but the armies could not be controlled; they shouted in their jargons, and raised their voices; but Khodawend prevented his Arabs from attacking with the Persians. Prince Aswad came forth, and also Rebia and Hadifah, and they stood just without the scene of battle, enjoying the spectacle of the contest between the Absians and Persians. The universe was in convulsions. The sun, with the violence of the dust, was veiled; the earth shook; lives were plundered; men were bewildered; swords clashed; the senses fled; blood flowed; the land was in tumults; the dust rose in clouds; the dead were trampled on with fury; the brave advanced, the cowards shrunk away. Antar and Maadi exhibited all their powers on that day. Khodawend was amazed. And they continued in that perilous confusion till the day fled, and the night came on in obscurity. The whole country was crammed with the dead. The armies of Khodawend alighted at their tents, whilst Antar and Maadi Kereb returned in front of their troops, resembling the flowers of the Judas tree, so smeared were they with the blood of the horsemen. They remained on guard till daylight, when the armies drew up for the battle and the contest. The Absians stood forth, and in front were Antar and Maadi Kereb like the lions of the waste. Khodawend commanded the Persians to make the attack against the Absians. Instantly the complexion of the beautiful changed; the cries were incessant; the gates of success were closed upon the Persians; the battle raged; shouts were vehement. The coward thought of his life, and screamed. Skulls were chopped off by the sword; the king of death was eager in the pursuit of souls; energy was excited; all sport was at an end. The horses were drenched in perspiration; great was the agitation; heads were smote and were cleft in twain. The stumbling and slipping were universal;

swords and shields were shattered; hands and necks were clipped off; spears dashed through the eyes; and the heart of Amarah burst."

Amarah is Antar's rival. The subjoined is a description of a volcano near which certain tribes subject to a chief called Nacmah dwelt. Nacmah going on a foray, "sent to the tribes of Riyah, and Sabah, Washah, and Atbool, and Barik, and Shamrack, and ordered them to march with all expedition; for these tribes were subject to him, and feared his cruelty. Their residences were round the mountain of volcano, and all had adopted the worship of the moon. This mountain was one of the phenomena of the All-merciful Lord, for there incessantly issued from it something like a black cloud, and whenever the new moon rose, from this mountain burst forth groans, and sparks of fire flew forth. It was a black mountain, and no one was able to ascend it, and iron could not have any effect on its stony sides. An historian has noticed it, saying, The Lord God has been angry with this mountain, ever since he created the world at first, and at the consummation it will be the stone work of hell. In one of my excursions I ascended it, and I saw within it terrific wonders; its summit is divided in two, and in the centre is a sea of fire, that never subsides, but day and night it rolls in waves of flame, and on it are angels of wrath, and stern enormous monsters, that are never weary, but are continually stationed for its punishment by the will of the omnipotent God."

Though the Arabic poetry must lose much of its beauty in prose translation, there is a great deal to admire in many of these compositions. Antar's lamentation for the death of his King Zoheir, affords an example:—

"Set is the full moon, though once it was in its zenith; hidden is its light, and all is dark. Eclipsed is the sun, and the morn no more returns in smiles. Fallen are the constellations; they have disappeared; the atmosphere is obscured; the dust of darkness is over it; all the seas are hollow, and are sunk deep; we have lost its dew and its clouds. At the moment that Zoheir fell dead infancy shrouded us, and sat upon us. Fortune has made him drink of the cup of death, but likewise fortune will be quick in its vengeance. He was my stay, my armour in adversity; he was my breastplate, my spear, my scimitar. O my eyes, when ye shed not tears, may sleep be denied ye! I swear by Him who slays and brings to life, by Him who rules the light and the darkness, never will I raise my sword in battle till I behold all my enemies in dismay and in shame. O tribe of Aamir, O clan of Kelab, dread the light and shade of my sword; soon shall thy wives scream in terrors of captivity; soon shall they weep for their orphaned little ones. I am Antar, son of Shedad, and my star is high raised above the sublimity of the seven heavens!"

"When Antar had finished his verses, his tears gushed out in incessant streams, and he wept bitterly, till he could no more, and

he fainted; but when he recovered from his swoon, he cast his eyes towards King Zoheir's seat, and thus expressed himself:

"Weep abundantly, my eyes; in torrents of tears; aid me, relieve my woes with weeping! For oh! I have lost a prince that was my support—that was my full moon; but it is now set below the earth! I have lost the sun and the rain by my enemies, and him whose benevolence resembled the deluging clouds. I have lost a lion, but in no lion was there his power. I have lost the knight of war, the invincible hero: my heart is on fire. I have lost all resignation for a prince who taught the Arabs on the day of combat with his spear. O Cais, depend on me; for in my heart is a flame of fire that consumes it, and my forbearance I can no longer persist in. Rise with me; let us seek vengeance speedily, for death is sweeter to my heart than honey. Reproach me not for my wars,—I love them: I will hear neither word nor rebuke. Night is my complexion, and the lions of war know me. The coat of mail is my strong tower, and my heart is hewn out of a rock. Warriors are reduced to contempt by me in the day of combat, as the Arabs can witness for me. Woe, woe to my heart, for what it has lost. Death, now Zoheir is no more, is my noblest aim.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. Begun by Himself, and concluded by his Daughter Maria Edgeworth. London, 1820. 2 vols. 8vo.

When we took up this work we felt apprehensive that two solid volumes would be found too much for the subject; and as we perused the early pages, that apprehension became stronger. We were however agreeably disappointed after we got through the nursery stories of the author's childhood, and, accompanying him into the world, began to fall upon matter of a more entertaining cast.

There is something very beautiful and affecting in the idea of a child completing the biography of a parent; and it loses nothing by the way in which it is put in Mr. Edgeworth's introduction. He says,

"My beloved daughter, Maria, at my earnest request, has promised to revise, complete, and publish her father's life.

"Were she to perceive any extenuation on the one hand, or exaggeration on the other, it would wound her feelings; she would be obliged to alter, or omit, what she did not approve, and her affection for her friend and parent would be diminished:—can the public have a better surety than this, for the accuracy of these memoirs?"

He adds—

"I now take leave of the world, which has been most indulgent to me, as a man, and as an author, and I take leave of the world with this declaration,—that, to speak the truth without harshness, is, in my opinion,

the most certain way to succeed in every honorable pursuit."

The author sets out with the antiquity of his family, into the records of which he enters, favouring us with, here and there, a bull or idle tale. For instance at page 8 it is stated of one of his female ancestors, that "after the rebels had forced this lady out of the castle, and had set fire to it, they plundered it completely:" in other countries they would have plundered it before they set fire to it! At page 14, we have a relation of the well known gallantry which rescued a candle from a barrel of gunpowder, ascribed to a Lady Edgeworth; at page 18, the story of a coin put under the seal of a deed which exposes the roguery of the parties, and invalidates the forged document, (told nearly word for word in "Patronage;") and indeed, the whole of the early parts, are disfigured by the repetition and appropriation of jests famous in jocular literature, and by anecdotes of marvellous precocity belonging to the infancy of the writer. Looking to Mr. E. as an advocate for a better system of education than, unfortunately, is usually pursued in respect to children, we have a graver objection to an account of a transaction which followed his having thrown a hot iron at his brother. He tells us—

"When my mother heard what I had done, I saw she was struck with horror, but she said not one word in anger to me. She ordered every body out of the room except myself, and then drawing me near her, she spoke to me in a mild voice, but in a most serious manner. First, she explained to me the nature of the crime, which I had run the hazard of committing; she told me, she was sure that I had no intention seriously to hurt my brother, and did not know, that if the iron had hit my brother, it *must* have killed him. While I felt this first shock, and whilst the horror of murder was upon me, my mother seized the moment, to conjure me to try in future to command my passions. I remember her telling me, that I had an uncle by the mother's side who had such a violent temper, that in a fit of passion one of his eyes actually started out of its socket. 'You,' said my mother to me, 'have naturally a violent temper: if you grow up to be a man without learning to govern it, it will be impossible for you then to command yourself; and there is no knowing what crime you may in a fit of passion commit, and how miserable you may in consequence of it become. You are but a very young child, yet I think you can understand me. Instead of speaking to you as I do at this moment, I might punish you severely; but I think it better to treat you like a reasonable creature. My wish is to teach you to command your temper; nobody can do that for you, so well as you can do it for yourself."

Here the precept is good; but how many times more dangerously powerful is the example of a parent telling lies to her child, in order to persuade him to act rightly? It was not true that the iron *must* have been fatal; and it was a falsehood that any one's eye

started from the socket in a fit of passion. These are the fatalities in forming the youthful mind; and though the author praises his mother's knowledge of human nature, he has herein set up a beacon to be avoided, not an example to be imitated. But we pass to pleasanter subjects, only premising, that in 1761, the author entered Corpus Christi College, having studied previously at Dublin: his bent however appears to have been almost exclusively towards mechanicks, which became his ruling passion*.

The following story is told of Sir Francis Delaval's electioneering at Andover.

"His attorney's bill was yet to be discharged. It had been running on for many years, and though large sums had been paid on account, a prodigious balance still remained to be adjusted. The affair came before the King's Bench. Among a variety of exorbitant and monstrous charges there appeared the following article.

"To being thrown out of the window at the George Inn, Andover—to my leg being thereby broken—to surgeon's bill, and loss of time and business—all in the service of Sir F. B. Delaval.—Five hundred pounds."

"When this curious item came to be explained, it appeared, that the attorney had, by way of promoting Sir Francis's interest in the borough, sent cards of invitation to the officers of a regiment in the town, in the name of the mayor and corporation, inviting them to dine and drink His Majesty's health on his birthday. He, at the same time, wrote a similar invitation to the mayor and corporation, in the name of the officers of the regiment. The two companies met, complimented each other, eat a good dinner, drank a hearty bottle of wine to His Majesty's health, and prepared to break up. The commanding officer of the regiment, being the politest man in company, made a handsome speech to Mr. Mayor, thanking him for his hospitable invitation and entertainment. 'No, colonel,' replied the mayor, 'it is to you that thanks are due by me and by my brother aldermen for your generous treat to us.' The colonel replied with as much warmth as good breeding would allow: the mayor retorted with downright anger, swearing that he would not be choused by the bravest colonel in His Majesty's service.—'Mr. Mayor,' said the colonel, 'there is no necessity for displaying any vulgar passion on this occasion. Permit me to shew you, that I have here your obliging card of invitation.'—'Nay, Mr. Colonel, here is no opportunity for bantering, there is your card.'

"Upon examining the cards, it was observed, that, notwithstanding an attempt to disguise it, both cards were written in the same hand by some person, who had designed to make fools of them all. Every eye of the corporation turned spontaneously upon the attorney, who, of course, attended all public meetings. His impudence suddenly gave way, he faltered and betrayed

* As an example of this, it has been stated to us, that when a beloved daughter died, Mr. Edgeworth relieved the distraction of his soul by inventing a patent coffin for her corpse. *Ed.*

himself so fully by his confusion, that the colonel, in a fit of summary justice, threw him out of the window. For this Sir Francis Delaval was charged five hundred pounds."

Mr. E. married in 1763, and lived principally in Berkshire, where he became very intimate with Mr. Day, cultivating at the same time an intercourse with most of the literati of the time.

The eccentricities of Mr. E. and of some of his friends, are unfolded in some whimsical anecdotes. We copy the following in a miscellaneous way.

"In one of my journeys from Hare Hatch to Birmingham, I accidentally met with a person, whom I as a mechanick, had a curiosity to see. This was a sailor, who had amused London with a singular exhibition of dexterity. He was called *Jack the Darter*. He threw his darts, which consisted of thin rods of deal, of about half an inch in diameter, and of a yard long, to an amazing height and distance; for instance, he threw them over what was then called the New Church in the Strand. Of this feat I had heard, but I entertained some doubts upon the subject; I had enquired from my friends where this man could be found, but had not been able to discover him. As I was driving towards Birmingham in an open carriage of a singular construction, I overtook a man, who walked remarkably fast, but who stopped as I passed him, and eyed my equipage with uncommon curiosity. There was something in his manner, that made me speak to him; and, from the sort of questions he asked about my carriage, I found that he was a clever fellow. I soon learned, that he had walked over the greatest part of England, and that he was perfectly acquainted with London. It came into my head to inquire, whether he had ever seen the exhibition, about which I was so desirous to be informed. 'Lord! Sir,' said he, 'I am, myself, Jack the Darter.' He had a roll of brown paper in his hand, which he unfolded, and soon produced a bundle of the light deal sticks, which he had the power of darting to such a distance. He readily consented to gratify my curiosity, and after he had thrown some of them to a prodigious height, I asked him to throw some of them horizontally. At the first trial he threw one of them eighty yards with great ease. I observed, that he coiled a small string round the stick, by which he gave it a rotary motion, that preserved it from altering its course; and at the same time it allowed the arm, which threw it, time to exercise its whole force.

"If any thing be simply thrown from the hand, it is clear, that it can acquire no greater velocity than that of the hand which throws it; but if the body, that is thrown, passes through a greater space than the hand, whilst the hand continues to communicate motion to the body to be impelled, the body will acquire a velocity nearly double to that of the hand which throws it. The ancients were aware of this, and they wrapped a thong of leather round their javelins, by which they could throw them with additional violence. This invention did not, I believe, belong to the Greeks; nor do I remember

is being mentioned by Homer or Xenophon. It was in use among the Romans; but at what time it was introduced or laid aside I know not. Whoever is acquainted with the science of projectiles will perceive, that this invention is well worthy of their attention."

The author spent several years in France:

The society at Lyons was at this time emulating the polish of Parisian manners, and approaching fast to the dissipation and relaxation of morals, which prevailed in Paris. Among the trifling anecdotes, that have remained in my memory, I may mention a repartee of a belle at Lyons, a Madame Bobu. This lady had given some offence to M. de Verpillier, the mayor of Lyons. At a masquerade, the mayor discovered this lady in her disguise, and accosted her in a sarcastic tone, with a quotation from the syllables of the Primer:—"Comment vous portez vous, Madame Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Ba?"—She answered, "Tres bien! Monsieur Ca-Ce-Ci-Co-Cu."—A sarcasm, which was not applied at hazard.

A few more slight anecdotes will mark the manners of that day at Lyons, and the good and bad qualities apparent in the different ranks of society. An English gentleman, who seemed to be very popular among his companions, had brought himself into sudden distress by an unlucky run at play. He was arrested, while he was entertaining several of his countrymen at dinner. Not one of them interfered in his favour; but when he retired from the room, a valet de place, who had lived with him for two years, offered him a purse containing more than the debt for which he was arrested, telling him, that he had earned that money by the English, and that it could not be better employed, than by saving a gentleman of that country from disgrace. The offer was accepted, and the English gentleman soon afterwards repaid the sum, with the addition of a handsome present.

"Another instance of generosity, shewn to an Englishman in distress, occurred while I was at Lyons. A gentleman was arrested for numerous debts, which he had incurred by living in a very extravagant manner with Mademoiselle St. Clair, an actress of great celebrity and some beauty. She had fascinated the gentleman so completely, that he had lavished upon her all the money, and had exhausted all the credit, which he could command. Tradesmen to whom he was indebted, becoming acquainted with his situation, found it necessary to enforce payment by securing his person. None of the English came forward to his assistance, and he was actually placed in confinement. He was not, however, left long in this situation; for Mademoiselle St. Clair sold all her plate and jewels, and released him. When her lover flew to her, to express his gratitude, he was astounded to find a reception very different from what he expected: after expressing in the fondest manner her affection, she declared it to be her fixed determination, to live with him no longer. In vain he pleaded his constancy, his entire devotion to her wishes.

She acknowledged all his claims, but steadily refused to continue a connexion, which must necessarily end in his ruin. She had given such a signal proof of her disinterestedness and affection, that no mercenary motive, or any caprice of sentiment, could be attributed to her conduct; she therefore claimed the merit of the greatest sacrifice in giving him up, to preserve him from himself. All the Lyons world applauded her generosity: she was caressed and invited to some of the best houses in that city. I have dined with her at Madame de Verpillier's, with a large society of the best company. Had I not known that she was an actress, I could not have discovered her situation by any thing in her manners or conversation."

Having returned to England on the death of his wife soon after the birth of a daughter, Mr. E. shortly married Miss Honora Sneyd, and retired to his family seat, Edgeworth Town, in Ireland. On her death, he married her sister Elizabeth.

The second volume is the production of Maria Edgeworth, and infinitely better written than the first, but not so light and amusing from its gossiping character. We select merely one letter, which describes the death of Dr. Darwin.

"Among the foreigners, who came to England about this time, was Professor Pictet of Geneva, brother of the editor of the *Journal Britannique*, who translated Practical Education, and with whom my father had had some correspondence on the subject. Professor Pictet visited Ireland, and came to Edgeworth Town. He decided us to go abroad, by the kind offers of introduction to numerous literary friends at Paris; and assurances, that from what they already knew of him, through his writings on Education, they were prepared to receive him and his family with cordiality. The tour was arranged for the ensuing Autumn, and the pleasure of revisiting some of his old English friends, Dr. Darwin in particular, was full in his contemplation, when he received the following letter.

FROM DR. DARWIN TO MR. EDGEWORTH.
"Prior, near Derby, April 17, 1802.

"Dear Edgeworth,
"I am glad to find, that you still amuse yourself with mechanism, in spite of the troubles of Ireland."

"We have all been now removed from Derby about a fortnight, to the Prior, and all of us like our change of situation. We have a pleasant house, a good garden, ponds full of fish, and a pleasing valley somewhat like Shenstone's—deep, umbrageous, and with a talkative stream running down it. Our house is near the top of the valley, well screened by hills from the east, and north, and open to the south, where, at four miles distance, we see Derby tower. Four or more strong springs rise near the house, and have formed the valley, which, like that of Petrarch, may be called *Val chiusa*, as it begins, or is shut, at the situation of the house. I hope you like the description, and hope farther, that yourself and any part of your family will sometime do us the pleasure of a visit.

"Pray tell the authoress, that the water-nymphs of our valley will be happy to assist her next novel.

"My bookseller, Mr. Johnson, will not begin to print the *Temple of Nature*, till the price of paper is fixed by Parliament. I suppose the present duty is paid."

"At these words Dr. Darwin's pen stopped. What follows was written on the opposite side of the paper by another hand.

"Sir,
"This family is in the greatest affliction. I am truly grieved to inform you of the death of the invaluable Dr. Darwin. Dr. Darwin got up apparently in health; about eight o'clock, he rang the library bell. The servant, who went, said, he appeared fainting. He revived again,—Mrs. Darwin was immediately called. The Doctor spoke often, but soon appeared fainting; and died about nine o'clock.

"Our dear Mrs. Darwin and family are inconsolable: their affliction is great indeed, there being few such husbands or fathers. He will be most deservedly lamented by all, who had the honor to be known to him.

"P.S.—This letter was begun this morning by Dr. Darwin himself."

"The shock, which my father felt, must in some degree be experienced by every person, who reads this letter, where the playfulness of the beginning is in such contrast to the end. There is, in the sudden stroke of death, something that no human creature can behold with indifference, even when it falls on one quite unconnected with ourselves, or on one, who had in no way distinguished himself from his fellow mortals; but how much more awfully the blow resounds through the world, when it levels to the dust one preeminent in talent!"

The following are specimens of Mr. Edgeworth's poetry.

EPICRAM

On some recent Scotch Marriages and Divorces.

To ready Scotland boys and girls are carried,
Before their time, impatient to be married.
Soon wiser grown the selfsame road they run,
With equal haste, to get the knot undone;
Th' indulgent Scot, where English law too nice
is,

Sanctions our follies first—and then our vices.
Feb. 1811.

On receiving a Pencil-case from Mrs. E. Edgeworth, with a Black Lead Pencil at one end, at the other a gold pen.

If in some heedless hour my careless strain
Should chance to give my loved Eliza pain,
May the rude lines the fading pencil trace!
May the rude lines her gentle hand efface!
But when her worth, or when my love is told—
Oh! may the sterling line be graven with gold.

The work is adorned with neat engravings, and will be found curious to literary readers.

A New Dictionary for the Fashionable World; translated from the French, with selections and additions. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 152.

This is but a weakly performance,

and wants the whim and pungency which alone can make such a thing amusing. We copy a few of the best of the definitions and explanations, as a sample of the work.

Ability.—Those who possess the most, frequently make the least use of it.

Abuse.—A word of attack against a man in place; a word too often *abused* in its application. To put an end to *abuses*—to remedy *abuses*—in the mouths of many, means, your place suits me, or, give me a place!

Answerable.—A most hazardous thing to be, for any one, or any thing, in this world.

Apothecary.—A man who mixes drugs, with the qualities of which he is little acquainted, to operate upon a constitution with which he is still less acquainted.

Bankruptcy.—A way to enrich yourself, (A. D. 1818).

Barrow.—A great delight to an antiquary, as he there finds a method of gratifying his wish of obtaining a few old broken jars, and perhaps may have the luck of getting some of the ancient bones of a Roman or Saxon hero, all which are more to him, than gold and jewels.

Block.—A heavy thick sort of head, upon which wigs are placed, sometimes of wood, sometimes upon the shoulders of individuals; and these last are called *block-heads*.

Books.—An ornament in all fashionable rooms, and sometimes of use, when they have not been cut down to fit into a beautiful little book-case! which we are assured has been done, by the desire of a lady, who was disappointed to find she could not get her books to fit in without this happy contrivance.

Botanist.—A person who delights as much in weeds as the antiquary in bones, or the miser in gold.

Dandy.—A creature unknown in England till of very late years. It is supposed to have some great defect in the formation of the head: some think the organ of folly is of such an extreme size in these animals, as to push every other organ in the head out of its place, and entirely to compress the brain; for sense they certainly have none, and motion is almost wholly denied them; incurvation is totally out of their power, and they are the most helpless of any two-legged animal upon the earth; yet they are as imitative as monkeys, and appear to follow every profession; and we have even been shocked to see them in the highest walk of our church!

"We have heard of a buck, macaroni, and spark,

But a dandy, (poor thing) was unknown in the ark.

For Noah had never endeavoured to save A thing of no use from the deluge's wave."

Delight.—Experienced in its true sense by the girl who is dressing for her first ball.

Gratitude.—The memory of the heart, which reminds us of benefits received, and disposes us to acknowledge them.

History.—A word so abused, that it is become synonymous with *fabule*.

Home.—The seat of every comfort; more particularly understood by the English than any other nation. The French, indeed, have no word in their language for *home*. Nothing can convey a more just idea of the delight of home than an old Italian proverb:—"Ad ogni uccello, il suo nido par bello."

Home (at).—A fashionable mode of invitation, and of rendering home the very reverse of a seat of comfort. It fills the house in a way to make it difficult to ascertain whether the mistress really be at home or no [not]. Indeed we have heard of a lady who took advantage of her at home, to go and pay a comfortable visit to a friend, who expressed surprise at seeing her, "Lord, my dear, my at home is just when I cannot be missed!"

Inventions.—Old things, by new names.

Journal.—A memorandum book for the assistance of those who have a short memory. We have heard of a Frenchman who frequently travelled from Paris to Lyons writing one day in his memorandum book, "Me souvenir de me marier en passant par Nevers."

Love.—A privilege for all the absurdities that can be committed, and all the nonsense that can be talked.

Prodigies.—Every first child; and if it fortunately remains an only one, continues to be a prodigy to the end of time.

Vanity.—A passion which demands every thing, and grants nothing.

Perhaps we ought in justice to annex the author's idea of a critic.

Critic.—An unmerciful searcher of faults. Very little wit, and a large share of ill-nature, is all that is necessary to form a good critic.

As we have made the writer his own critic, it will appear that he is wrong in parts of this character. His extracts indeed display 'very little wit:' but they are not ill-natured.

An Historical Sketch of the Campaign of 1815, illustrated by Plans of the Operations, &c. By Captain Batty, of the 1st. Grenadier Guards. 2d. edition. London 1820. 8vo: pp. 162.

This very able general view of the operations of the important year 1815, with the excellent plans that illustrate its skilful and impartial narrative, may be consulted historically as a corrective to the partizan accounts which have issued from the press relative to the war. For military men, we presume its value to be still greater; but as its literary merits come most within our purview, we need only exemplify them by a brief extract. The following is the conclusion of the sketch of the battle of Waterloo.

A victory of such magnitude, and of such importance from its consequences, could not of course be achieved without great loss

on the part of the victorious army. It is impossible to enumerate in this place the many instances of brave and distinguished officers who fell or were severely wounded in this hard fought battle. The Prince of Orange at the head of his corps had distinguished himself throughout the day, by the example of his gallantry and activity, in rallying the troops when partially disorganized by the severe attacks of the enemy, till he was severely wounded and borne from the field. The Earl of Uxbridge, who, during the contest, had headed the different charges, was seen in his splendid uniform moving like a meteor across the plain, followed by the British cavalry, whose course was marked by the slaughter it made. In the advance of the whole army, at the close of the day, he was one of many who suffered from the last deadly volley of the enemy's artillery, and had one of his legs shattered by a cannon shot. Many of the Duke of Wellington's personal staff were killed or wounded. The brave Gen. Barnes, Adj. Gen. to the army, was severely wounded, and the Quarter-Master-General, Col. De-launcey, received a wound, which, unfortunately for the country at large, proved fatal. It is but a just tribute to this distinguished officer's great worth, to add, that when assistance was offered to him on the field, he declined accepting it, from a consciousness that his wound was mortal, and at the same time desired that those who came to assist him would give their immediate attendance to such of his brave countrymen who might be benefited by it, and he remained on the field during the night.

It appears from all accounts that Napoleon was confident of being enabled to defeat the army of the Duke of Wellington without the assistance of the troops which he had detached under Marshal Grouchy: he should have remembered the peculiar qualities of English troops in days of battle; the campaigns in the Peninsula should alone have proved to him that in the open field they were never defeated; and he should have borne in mind one of the essential rules, in which, in his instructions for days of battle, he impresses, "cette maxime, qu'un homme de guerre ne peut trop se graver dans l'esprit, que ce sont les plus opiniâtres qui gagnent les batailles."

And when, later in the day, he received intelligence of Bulow's corps being in march upon his right flank, he seems to have calculated on Marshal Grouchy being able to come up with its rear, notwithstanding the distance and difficult roads between Mont St. Jean, and Wavres, whither Grouchy had received instructions to proceed. However, it seems to be the opinion of many able men, that Marshal Grouchy should at once have marched upon the scene of action at Mont St. Jean, as the cannonade which he heard evidently was that of the whole forces of Napoleon engaged against the Duke of Wellington's. With regard to the policy of accepting battle from the enemy on the plains of Waterloo, which the French writers have considered so great a fault in the tactics of

the Duke of Wellington; it must be observed, that had Belgium been a country whose political and commercial interests would have led it to oppose invasion with energy, the best system to have been followed by the army of the Netherlands would be that of avoiding battles and drawing the enemy farther from his resources, and thus extending, and consequently weakening, the line of his operations, and compelling him to a warfare in detail; whilst the allies, retiring on their resources, would have accumulated strength, and might have selected their own time and place for giving battle to the invading army; and whilst the immense armies collected on the Rhine and in Lombardy, by invading France, would of necessity compel the French troops in Belgium to retreat.—But as Belgium had for so long a period formed an integral part of the French empire; as both her political, and yet more her commercial interests, were assimilated with those of France, and, as may reasonably be supposed, a great portion of the population eagerly looked for the advance of Napoleon, it is manifest under these circumstances, that the farther he could penetrate into the country, the greater probability there would be of his success. The proclamations and other documents found in his baggage, which was captured, prove his confident expectation of gaining over the whole country to his cause, and the losses he might sustain in actions would then have been recruited in the country he invaded. It was therefore as much, nay more, the interest of the Duke of Wellington to meet the enemy, if not on the very frontier, as near to it as possible, and by an obstinate defence, still to secure the plan arranged for the combined efforts of all the allied armies against France. Could the Duke of Wellington have merely maintained his ground at Waterloo, so as to prevent the farther advance of the French army; or could he effect a junction with the Prussian army, his object would have been equally gained; but, to prevent the enemy from gaining possession of the Flemish capital was of vital importance. It would appear, therefore, that as the French army, inferior in numbers to the united forces of Wellington and Blücher, could not at the same moment defeat both armies, there can hardly be a doubt that, subsequent to the battle of Ligny, all his efforts should, without delay, have been exerted against the Duke of Wellington's army, and these, with every man who could be spared from the pursuit of the Prussians, for it would have been against all the rules of war to quit with his main forces the road between Charleroi and Bruxelles, which was the true base of his operations, to follow the Prussian army along the bad cross roads in the direction of Louvain, and thus leave open his communications to the army of the Netherlands.

These opinions of an experienced and peculiarly well informed officer, are worthy of attention on the contested subjects to which they refer. The appendix contains several interesting documents, including Mr. Samuel Ro-

gers's account of the attack of Colonel Ponsonby's regiment, drawn up from the gallant Colonel's own mouth, and originally published in the Literary Gazette.

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN'S TRAVELS IN BRAZIL.
(Concluded.)

Between the Rio Doce and St. Matthews, we have a characteristic trait of Brazilian travelling.

We missed the first watering-place, called Caçimba de S. João, but found the second, which is a *lagoa*, in a small low valley called Piranga, on the road side, at noon, when we had dispersed in all directions in search of water: it afforded some refreshment to us and our cattle. At the place where we stopped for the evening our search for water was however fruitless; none was to be found, and we were consequently unable to make use of the provisions which we had brought with us, they being too hard to be eaten without the addition of water. Our only resource was to satisfy our hunger with a little dry maize flour, and the turtles' eggs fortunately collected by the soldiers, which we could boil in sea water. While our people were employed in fetching some, and in picking up drift wood on the beach, we found to our great surprise, at a short distance from our fire, a prodigious sea-turtle (*testudo mydas*, Linn.) which was just going to deposit its eggs: nothing could be more welcome to our hungry company; the animal seemed to have come expressly to provide us with a supper. Our presence did not disturb it; we could touch it, and even lift it up; but to do this it required the united strength of four men. Notwithstanding all our exclamations of surprise and our deliberations what to do with it, the creature manifested no signs of uneasiness, but a kind of hissing, nearly like the noise made by the geese when any one approaches their young. It continued to work, as it had commenced, with its fin-like hinder feet, digging in the sand a cylindrical hole from eight to twelve inches broad; it threw the earth very regularly and dexterously, and as it were keeping time on both sides, and began immediately after to deposit its eggs.

One of our two soldiers laid himself all along on the ground near this purveyor of our kitchen, and took the eggs out of the hole as fast as the turtle deposited them; and in this manner we collected 100 eggs in about ten minutes. We considered whether we should add this fine animal to our collections; but the great weight of the turtle, which would have required a mule for itself alone, and the difficulty of loading such an awkward burden, made us resolve to spare its life, and to content ourselves with its eggs.

Those huge animals, the *midas*, and the soft-shelled turtle (*testudo mydas* and *coriacea*), as well as the *testudo caretta*, or *canna*, deposit their eggs in the sand in the warmest months of the year, particularly in

this uninhabited part of the coast, between the Riacho and the Mucuri; they come on shore for this purpose in the evening twilight, drag their heavy bodies up the sandy coast, dig a hole, in which they deposit their eggs, fill it up with sand, which they tread down, and an hour or two after sun-set return to the sea. This was the case with the turtle which had so amply supplied us; when we came back to the strand a few hours afterwards, it was gone; it had filled up the hole, and the broad track left by it in the sand shewed that it had returned to its proper element. A single turtle of this kind can furnish an abundant repast with its eggs for a whole company; for the *midas* is said to lay at once ten or twelve dozen, and the soft-shelled from eighteen to twenty dozen. These eggs are a very nutritious food, and are therefore eagerly sought after on this desert coast by the Indians, and in the neighbourhood of the colony also by the whites.

In the woods on the banks of the river St. Matthew, the uncivilized Indians are very numerous, and they all live in constant warfare with the whites in this part of the country. In the course of the last year seventeen persons were killed by them. The northern bank is haunted by the *Patachos*, *Cumanachos*, *Machacalis* (called by the Portuguese *Machacaris*, they themselves cannot pronounce the *r* well), and other tribes, as far as Porto Seguro. The *Botocudos* also are numerous, and said to be chiefly in possession of the south bank; they are feared by the other tribes, and are considered as enemies by the rest, who, on account of their inferior numbers, make common cause against them. The plantations belonging to a *fazenda* higher up the river were frequently robbed by the savages, till the proprietor devised a singular expedient to get rid of these hostile visitors. He loaded an iron cannon, which was at the *fazenda*, with pieces of old lead and iron, fastened the lock of a musket to it, placed it in the narrow path by which the savages always used to come in a column, and laid a piece of wood across the path which was connected with the trigger by means of a string. The savages appeared in the dusk of the evening, and trod on the piece of wood, as had been intended. When the people of the *fazenda* hastened to the spot to see the result, they found the cannon burst, and thirty Indians killed and mutilated, some still on the spot and others scattered in the woods. The cries of the fugitives are said to have been heard far around. Since this terrible destruction the *fazenda* is said not to have been again disturbed by the savages.

In the river St. Matthew, the original Brazilian name of which is *Cricaré*, is found a rare animal, which at present is met with in only very few rivers on the east coast. This is the *manati*, or *peixe boi* of the Portuguese. The natural history of this singular animal is still obscure in many points; it is pretty frequent in this river, but is said sometimes to go into the sea, and along the coast, and then into other rivers; thus it has been taken, for instance, in the *Alcobaca*. At St. Matthew, the favourite haunt of the ma-

nati, is a *lagoa*, or inland water, much overgrown with grass and reeds. The hunting of it is attended with some difficulty. The hunter rows carefully and without noise in a small boat among the grass and reeds; if he sees the animal with its back above the water, as it usually appears when grazing, he approaches cautiously, and throws at it a harpoon fastened to a cord. The manati yields a great quantity of blubber, and its flesh is esteemed. The orbicular bone of the ear is looked upon by the ignorant people as a powerful specific, and sold at a high price. Though I repeatedly made great promises, during my three or four months' stay in these parts, with a view to obtain one of these animals, my hopes were disappointed, and I was forced to content myself with the sight of the stuffed manati, which I saw on my return from Brazil, in the cabinet of Natural History at Lisbon.

At Villa Viçosa, the suite of the Ovidor, or Commandant, included ten or twelve of the Botocudos; of whom the Prince says:—

The sight of the Botocudos astonished us beyond all expression; we had never before seen such strange and singularly ugly beings. Their original countenances were farther disfigured by large pieces of wood which they wore in their lower lips and in their ears; the lip is thus made to project very much, and the ears of some of them hang like large wings down to their shoulders: their brown bodies were covered with dirt. They were already very familiar with the *ovidor*, who had them always in the room with him in order to gain their confidence more and more. He had some persons who spoke the Botocudo language, and let us hear some specimens of their singing, which resembles an inarticulate howling. Most of these young Indians had lately had the small pox: they were still covered all over with marks and scars, which, as their bodies were emaciated by the disease, considerably increased their natural ugliness.

The following picture of the travellers is interesting:—

To form some idea of our mode of life at Morro d'Arara, conceive a wilderness in which a company of men forms a solitary outpost, sufficiently provided by nature with the necessities of life, in abundance of game, fish, and good water; but at the same time, by its distance from inhabited places, entirely confined to its own resources, and obliged to be constantly on its guard against the savage natives of the forest, by whom it is on every side surrounded.

Patachos, and perhaps Botocudos, prowled about us daily, to watch our motions; for this reason we all went constantly armed; we numbered between fifty and sixty able bodied men. The wood on the side of a mountain, on the bank of the *lagoa*, had already been felled, so that it lay confusedly together like a rude abatis. Twenty-four Indians, who were particularly serviceable for this purpose, went out daily to work; some of them were furnished with axes, others

with a sickle-shaped instrument (*fovee*) fixed to a long handle; the former cut down the trees, the latter the underwood and young bushes. When a large tree was felled it drew down many other trees with it to the ground; because all these forests are interlaced and twined together by the strongest ligneous climbing plants; many trunks were broken off by others, and remained standing like colossal pillars: prickly plants, especially the stems of the *airi* palm, which are covered with thorns, lay every where on the ground, and made these abatis perfectly impenetrable. The *ovidor* had caused five or six huts to be built near the *lagoa*, the roofs of which were covered with uricanna leaves. Four of our Indians, who, like most of their countrymen, were very good hunters, and still better fishermen and boatmen, were sent out every morning for the whole day, to fish, hunt, and examine our *mundeos*, or traps for animals, and they always brought home in the evening, game and abundance of fish, principally *piabanhas*, *traíras*, *piau*, *robal*, and other species. As soon as all our people were collected together in the evening, we had no cause to fear an open attack of the savages. Against a surprise by night, which they do not readily attempt in dark, but preferably in moonlight nights, we were secured by the vigilance of our dogs. A large dog belonging to the *ovidor* distinguished himself above the rest; he seemed to scent the savages when they prowled about on the mountain, beyond the *lagoa*. On these occasions he was quite furious, and barked long and without intermission towards the suspicious quarter. The Patachos, from their dark lurking places, doubtless observed us, not without wonder and dissatisfaction, and our hunters had need of great caution not to approach them unguardedly. We often heard these savages imitate the notes of the owls (*curajá*), of the *capucira*, and other animals, especially the night-birds; but our Indians, who were equally skilled in this art, never failed to distinguish the imitation from nature. A person not acquainted with it, would perhaps have attempted to follow the call of the bird, when the arrows of the savages would have shewn him his mistake. When our people danced the *baduca* by moonlight, and played the guitar to it, which is always accompanied by the clapping of hands; this clapping was repeated by the savages on the other side of the *lagoa*. The *ovidor*, who on all occasions took much pains to gain the savages, made frequent endeavours, while we were here, to entice them, and called out to them *Schamanih*! (comrade) or *Capitan Ney* * (great chief), &c. but all his endeavours were vain; though our Indians, whom we sent out on the watch, frequently perceived by the footsteps of the abatis in the night, and reconnoitred our encampment on all sides. As we ourselves expected one evening to be suddenly attacked, because our dogs were uncommonly uneasy, we were always on our guard, and

* This is a curious coincidence with the name of a late French Marabout.—*Ed.*

those who had to fetch water, collect fuel, or do any thing else in the forest, always took care to be well armed.

We must now conclude, which we do with an account of a Botocudo combat.

One Sunday morning, when the weather was most beautifully serene, we saw all the Botocudos of the Quartel, some with their faces painted black, and others red, suddenly break up, and wade through the river to the north bank, all with bundles of poles on their shoulders. Soon afterwards Captain June, with his people, came out of the wood, where a number of women and children, had sought refuge in some large huts. Scarcely had the news of the approaching combat become known in the Quartel, when a crowd of spectators, among whom were the soldiers, an ecclesiastic from Minas, and several strangers, whom I also joined, hastened over to the field of battle. Each took for his security a pistol or a knife under his coat, in case the combat should be turned against us.

When we landed on the opposite bank, we found all the savages standing close together, and formed a half circle about them. The combat was just beginning. First, the warriors of both parties uttered short rough tones of defiance to each other, walked sullenly round one another like angry dogs, at the same time making ready their poles. Captain Jeparack then came forward, walked about between the men, looked gloomily and directly before him, with wide staring eyes, and sang, with a tremulous voice, a long song, which probably described the affront that he had received. In this manner the adverse parties became more and more inflamed: suddenly, two of them advanced, and pushed one another with the arm on the breast, so that they staggered back, and then began to ply their poles. One first struck with all his might at the other, regardless where the blow fell: his antagonist bore the first attack seriously and calmly, without changing countenance; he then took his turn, and thus they belaboured each other with severe blows, the marks of which long remained visible in the large wheals on their naked bodies. As there were on the poles many sharp stumps of branches which had been cut off, the effect of the blows was not always confined to bruises, but the blood flowed from the heads of many of the combatants. When two of them had thus thrashed each other handsomely, two more came forward; and several pair were often seen engaged at once: but they never laid hands on one another. When these combats had continued for some time, they again walked about with a serious look, uttering tones of defiance, till heroic enthusiasm again seized them, and set their poles in motion.

Meanwhile, the women also fought valiantly; amidst continual weeping and howling, they seized each other by the hair, struck with their fists, scratched with their nails, tore the plugs of wood out of each other's ears and lips, and scattered them on the field of battle as trophies. If one threw her adversary down, a third, who stood by,

hind, seized her by the legs, and threw her down likewise, and then they pulled each other about on the ground. The men did not degrade themselves so far as to strike the women of the opposite party, but only pushed them with the ends of their poles, or kicked them on the side, so that they rolled over and over. The lamentations and howlings of the women and children likewise resounded from the neighbouring huts, and heightened the effect of this most singular scene.

In this manner the combat continued for about an hour; when all appeared weary, some of the savages showed their courage and perseverance, by walking about among the others, uttering their tones of defiance. Captain Jeparack, as the principal person of the offended party, held out to the last; all seemed fatigued and exhausted, when he, not yet disposed to make peace, continued to sing his treimous song, and encouraged his people to renew the combat, till we went up to him, clapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he was a valiant warrior, but that it was now time to make peace; upon which he at length suddenly quitted the field, and went over to the Quartel. Captain June had not shewn so much energy; being an old man, he had taken no part in the combat, but constantly remained in the back-ground.

All of us then left the field of battle, which was covered with ear-plugs and broken poles, and returned to the Quartel; where we found our old acquaintance Jukeräcke, Medean, Ahó, and others, sadly covered with bruises; but they shewed to what a degree man can harden himself, for none of them paid any regard to his swollen limbs; but they sat or lay down on their open wounds, and ate with a hearty appetite the flour which the commandant gave them. The bows and arrows of all these savages had stood, during the whole combat, leaning against the neighbouring trees, without their touching them; but it is said sometimes to have happened, on similar occasions, that they have thrown aside the poles, and taken to their arms, for which reason the Portuguese do not much like to have such combats in their neighbourhood. It was not till some time afterwards that I heard the cause of the combat, of which we had been spectators. Captain June, with his people, had been hunting on the south bank of the river, in the grounds of Jeparack, and killed some wild swine. This was considered by the latter as a great insult; for the Botocudos always observe, more or less strictly, the boundaries of a certain hunting-district, beyond which they are in general careful not to trespass: such offences are the usual occasions of their quarrels and wars. Only one combat similar to that here described had ever occurred before near the Quartel dos Aroos, and it was therefore a peculiarly lucky accident, that afforded me the view of this spectacle during my short stay at this place. It is very rarely that travellers witness such a scene, which is however so important to those who would obtain a thorough knowledge of the savages, and their character. Not long after my departure from the Quartel, as I was informed,

another and a still greater combat took place there, on occasion of the return of Captain Gipakein, who was a friend and ally of Captain June.

This is but the first part of the prince's work, which is, it seems, to follow the modern fashion of publishing periodically; but it is satisfactory to learn, that only one other volume is expected.

By ornithologists in particular, it will be esteemed as contributing largely to extend the bounds of natural history. To common readers, however, it does not offer more attraction than our extracts promise; and the plates are but indifferently executed.

LOUIS BONAPARTE'S HOLLAND.

[Third and last Notice.]

The third volume of this work takes up the history of Louis's government in 1809: the new criminal code, a system of weights and measures, and accounts of furious inundations in the "amphibious nation," afford nothing to tempt us into quotation, though their *Watterstadt* is a subject of infinite importance to our Dutch neighbours.

In attending to the war in Spain Louis displays great ignorance of the events which took place in that country; and, while in relating his own acts, there are some which do him credit, there are others which show how much wanting he was in sincerity and honour to his subjects. We select for extract an instance of each.

A day of prayer and fasting was appointed: on which occasion "the new minister of Vilpen, a village situate a few leagues from the capital in North Holland, indulged himself in a sally of the most violent nature. This village and its vicinity were inhabited by a great number of the principal persons of the capital, most of whom were attached to the court. General indignation was excited, and many of the audience did not fail to express it. Some called for the punishment of the author of a discourse as calumnious as malignant, and so little consistent with the purpose the government had in view, in ordering a day of fasting and prayer. The pastor was sent for by the ministers both of the police and of the interior. The King was desirous of seeing him. He was a very young man, and appeared not without agitation. He deserved severe punishment; and the king was requested to inflict it on him, to make him an example to such as might be tempted to imitate his conduct: but the king would do it only in his own way. He received him coldly, but politely; demanded of him an account of the whole; caused all the expressions the pastor had used to be repeated; then painted to him his own situation and that of the kingdom; and obliged him to confess, that he had been as cruel as unjust in blaming the government. The young man was convinced of his injustice, promised to alter his conduct completely, and they parted good friends. In fact, he

voluntarily made public atonement for it in his own church; and afterwards conducted himself in an exemplary manner. When it was proposed to the king to punish him severely, he answered: "It is of more importance to me to convince him, than to punish him."

The opposite example is displayed when Napoleon, whose detestation of, and tyranny over the Dutch, his brother so completely exposes in every page, chose, without saying a word to him on the subject, to make his son the "Prince Royal of Holland," the grand duke of Berg. In the letter which Louis wrote to the legislative body, announcing this transaction, he says, "*The nation will see also in this an incontestable proof of the good disposition of my brother and of France towards this country; and it ought to impose silence on the discourses and cabals of the intriguing and the superficial.*" After all he has told us himself of the evil disposition of his brother and France, these words evince a spirit of hypocrisy, more congenial to the mystifying manoeuvres of St. Cloud, than the declared obvious policy of Amsterdam. While thus disingenuously acting the king, we may show how the father felt. The historian adds, "Two things in this act could not however fail to hurt him more than the preceding consideration. The first was, the not having been previously advised of arrangements so essentially interesting to his son, and the being informed of the cession by a simple letter. The second, and the most painful of the considerations to which it gave rise, was to find, that his son was separated from him for ever, and he deprived of his indisputable right of having him under his guidance and protection, without his consent, and even without being consulted. He did not give vent however to the resentment arising from his affection."

A notion of the minuteness into which Louis carried the science of legislating, which indeed seems to have been a family characteristic, will be given by the following.

"The king (in one of his progresses) remarked with pain and surprise, that many of the country-women, instead of bringing up their infants on their first and natural food, gave them cow's milk and pap; and enjoined the ministers of religion, to use all their efforts to remove this abuse. He interrogated many of the Zealand women respecting this custom; and perceived with astonishment that it was become a system among a people, whose women are almost without exception excellent mothers and faithful wives. The magistrates avowed the inutility of their endeavours to alter this practice. The women of Zealand are accustomed to wear a sort of half-veil of very fine linen, which falls over the back part of the head and the temples; but does not descend lower upon the face than the forehead, where it is fixed by a slip of gold; which the married women wear on one side of the forehead, and the unmarried on the other. Without infringing on this custom, the king ordered, that those women who suckled their infants should alone be permitted to

wear a complete circle of gold on the forehead; and that three rich ornaments of this kind should be distributed annually to the three mothers who should have suckled the greatest number of infants."

At the conclusion of the last Austrian war, Louis found it expedient to visit his haughty brother at Paris. The shifts and precautions to which he had recourse, singularly display the posture of affairs.

"He was afraid, that, during his stay in Paris his name would be employed against his will, to authorize many things in Holland: that such acts, as the Emperor might think proper, would be printed in the French papers, while he was deprived of all power of disavowing them: and under this idea he had settled with his ministers, that every act or paper whatever, not ending with some Dutch words, or with the device of the order, *Doe well enzie niet om*, should be considered as a nullity. It was for this reason also, that he gave orders to the commanders of the fortresses of Brabant, not to admit any troops without an order written and signed by his own hand. His aim was to render all diplomatic falsehood or treachery impossible."

It is quite ludicrous to contemplate a monarch of very limited power pretending to resist the strong hand which raised him, and to play the Independent where there was not a chance of success. Buonaparte cared not a straw for these struggles; in his speech at opening the legislative assembly, to which Louis was not invited, he said, "Holland is in reality only a part of France. This country may be defined by saying, that it is the alluvion of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, that is, of the great arteries of the empire. The nullity of its customs houses, the dispositions of its agents, and the spirit of its inhabitants, which incessantly inclines to a fraudulent trade with England, make it a duty to prohibit trade on the Rhine and the Weser. Thus crushed between France and England, Holland is deprived both of the advantages repugnant to our general system, which it must renounce, and of those it might enjoy. It is time, that all this should return to its natural order."

"The astonishment and indignation of the king, when he heard this passage, may easily be conceived. He was then sensible of the great fault he had committed by this cursed journey; and how difficult it would be for him, not to say impossible, to escape the snares laid for him. As Louis and Hortensia had lived almost always separate since their marriage, except three short periods of a few months, they each demanded of the family council a separation, presently after Louis arrived at Paris. But after a meeting of the family council was granted, the separation was refused, though it had long existed in point of fact.

"He was informed of the refusal of the family council verbally: no document whatever was transmitted to him on a result, on which however depended the ease, condition, and fame of a man of honour.

"The marriage of the Empress Josephine was dissolved; a demand for the purpose be-

ing made to the senate on the 16th of December. This demand was *immediately* preceded* by so many feasts, balls, and amusements, that they might have been supposed the accompaniments of a general peace, rather than of a painful and affecting transaction. Be it as it may, the Empress Josephine gave her consent to it, as did her children. The king, who had affairs enough on his own hands, and had at first refused his consent, yielded to these last considerations. He was required to be present at the ceremony. He was present likewise at the farewell festival, as it might be called, given the Empress Josephine by the city of Paris; and at the ceremony of the 1st of January. These were the only times of his appearing in public during five months stay at Paris."

In point of fact he was a state prisoner; and the narrative proceeds:

"As soon as the king found the turn which affairs took, he made attempts to escape: but measures to prevent it were too well devised, as he was convinced in the different excursions he made with this design at St. Leu. His house was guarded, and the guard made its report every day to the grand marshal of the palace: he was watched most strictly; he was made a prisoner. At first he merely suspected it; but he soon obtained certainty on this point, though he affected not to perceive it. He consented to go and reside at Trianon: but it was not long before he returned from it abruptly. At the moment when he was expecting the fulfilment of the promises made him, at the moment when the projected marriage of the Emperor gave reason to hope for a change of system and conduct with regard to him, the measure of injustice and ill usage was heaped up. He did not despair however of finding means to escape."

In the end Holland was united to France, and the poor fly in the spider's web at Paris was cajoled, tortured, and persecuted in the most infamous manner.

On the subject of Buonaparte's own marriage, it is interesting to read his brother's statement. He says,

"The Emperor had inclined at first to an alliance with Russia; but the latter refused it, after having almost given a promise. The Emperor then caused Austria and Saxony to be sounded, and the answers were favourable. The Emperor decided at once for the former house, for which he always had a kind of respect and regard, sentiments that displayed themselves in spite of himself, even in his hostile proceedings towards it. Though decided, the Emperor held a privy council on the choice of an empress. Prince Talleyrand, Prince Eugene, the Duke of Bassano, and the Duke of Vicenza, were for Austria: the King of Naples, the minister Fouché, and Cambacérès, for Russia: Prince le Brun, Cardinal Fesch, the Duke de Feltre, and the King of Holland, for Saxony. The reasons of the latter were, that the Emperor and France had been too great enemies to Austria, to hope for a sin-

* So it is in the original, but the author must surely have meant *succeeded*. Tr.

cere reconciliation: he preferred Saxony to both the others; but Austria to Russia, on account of similarity of religion. In this council the King of Naples argued strongly for Russia to the disadvantage of Austria; which the Emperor, in answering him, panegyricized with a warmth, eloquence, and success, that not only disclosed his sentiments and partiality for that house, but astonished the assembly extremely."

In April our shadow of a king was permitted to return to Amsterdam, where he lived, "watched by secret agents, ready to poison every word." In Napoleon's letters at this period, are many memorable passages. He tells Louis—

"When you conduct yourself so as to persuade the Dutch, *that you act agreeably to my suggestions*; that all your proceedings, all your sentiments accord with mine: you will be esteemed and beloved, and will acquire the stability necessary to restore Holland. This illusion still supports you a little. *The journey you took to Paris, your return, and the Queen's, and other motives founded in reason, make your people think, it is still possible for you, to revert to my system, and my way of thinking: but you alone can confirm these hopes, and eradicate even the least doubt of them. There is not one of your actions, which your fat Dutchmen do not weigh, as they would an affair of credit or commerce: they know therefore on what to depend. When being a friend of France and of me shall entitle a man to be your bosom friend, all Holland will perceive it, all Holland will breathe freely, all Holland will find itself in a natural situation: This depends on yourself alone.*

"Do you think, that the letter you caused to be written to Mollerus, and the assurances you gave him of your affection, at the time when you displaced him, will give you any consequence in the country? Undeceive yourself: every body knows, that without me there is no safety, without me there is no credit, without me you are nothing. If then the example you had before your eyes at Paris; if the knowledge of my character, which is to march straight to my object, without being stopped by any consideration, have not altered you, have not opened your eyes, what would you have me to do?"

"You yourself break your own sceptre. Be assured, no person is deceived. Would you be in the path of sound policy? Love France, seek my glory: this is the only way to serve the King of Holland."

"Do you know why you were the harbour of Holland? It is because you were the seal of an eternal compact with France, the bond of a community of interests with me: and Holland, *become through you a part of my empire*, was dear to me as a province, because I had given it a prince, whom I looked upon almost as a son. Had you been what you ought, I should have been as much interested for Holland as for France, I should have its prosperity as much at heart: and certainly in placing you on the throne of Holland, I thought I was placing there a French citizen, as much devoted to the greatness of France as myself, and as jealous

of every thing concerning the mother country. Had you followed this plan in your conduct, you would now have been king of six millions of subjects. I should have considered the throne of Holland as a pedestal, on which I should have spread Hamburg, Onabrock, and part of the north of Germany; for it would have been a nucleus of people, that would have broken still more the German spirit, which is the first object of my policy. Far from this, you have taken a course directly opposite; I have found myself obliged to forbid you France, and to seize on a part of your country.

"You do not say a word in your council, you do not entrust any one with a secret, that remains unknown, that does not turn against you and annihilate you; for in the minds of the Dutch you are to them but a Frenchman of four years standing; they see in you nothing but me, and the advantage of finding themselves sheltered from the subaltern agitators and plunderers, who have harassed them ever since the conquest. When you show yourself a bad Frenchman, you are less to them than a prince of Orange, to whose blood they stand indebted for the rank of their nation, and a long series of prosperity and glory. Holland is convinced, that your aversion to France has made them lose, what they would not have lost under a prince of Orange or a Schimmelpenninck."

What a picture is here! Louis could only abdicate, which he did on the 1st of July, and set out for Toplitz. Thence he went to Gratz, and though deserted by all those whom he had taken with him and relied upon, but who were in truth his brother's spies, he resisted all the threats and commands to induce him to return to France.

"He led (as he feelingly states) a very retired life at Gratz, endeavouring to re-establish his health. He waited impatiently for the so much desired period of a general peace, that he might go to Rome, that he might implore the assistance of the august head of his religion, on the score of his marriage, and be enabled afterwards to retire to St. Leu; where he hoped to terminate his career, where in 1804 he had deposited the ashes of his father, and where a place had ever since been prepared for himself. Paris and St. Leu he loved beyond all expression, and considered as the places of his birth."

"But heaven ordered it otherwise; and willed, that the man perhaps least in the world framed for solitude and celibacy; the man most French, most peaceable, least a cosmopolite; was obliged to live alone, and in a wandering state, and accused of loving neither tranquillity nor France. May this work convince both his countrymen and the Dutch of the injustice of those reproaches."

When the crisis of Buonaparte's fate drew on, Louis seems to have forgotten his resentment. He endeavoured to renew their fraternal intercourse; but being frustrated, went to Switzerland in order to be near the scene of action. Here a curious interview took place between him and Murat, after the battle of Leipzig.

• (Quere, Was he born in two places?)

"The King of Naples was returning home, to endeavour to save himself, if the existence of the French government should be endangered. He advised his brother-in-law to return to Holland by the assistance of the allies. The latter answered, this he would never do; because Holland would not be permitted to remain perfectly neutral, and no throne in the world would bribe him to make war against his country. "If France prove successful," added he, "what reproaches should I not deserve, for having drawn on the kingdom its hostility and vengeance! If she prove unsuccessful, the allies in the end will give the preference to the Prince of Orange. But, "after the departure of the King of Naples, he reflected maturely on the singular situation in which he stood. He felt clearly, that it was a favourable moment, to attempt a return to Holland; and that the French government could not do better, than renounce a country slipping through its fingers, and establish in it a French dynasty. He despatched an officer of his guards to Mentz, with orders to await the Emperor there, and deliver to him a letter, in which he endeavoured to persuade his brother, to lose no time in adopting the only step, that remained for France to take at that moment, with regard to Holland."

"As he could entertain no doubt, that a country about to fall into the hands of the allies would be yielded up to him with pleasure, and that it was important to lose no time; he resolved to proceed immediately to Amsterdam, if the French government gave its consent, and would permit the Dutch then at Paris to accompany him. Accordingly he proceeded towards this capital, after having written to the Empress Regent, and to Prince Cambacres; but was much astonished to find, on his reaching Pont sur Seine, a refusal to receive him at Paris. He returned to Switzerland therefore, where he was informed of the Emperor's answer by letters from Prince Berthier, Duke of Vicenza, and by what the Emperor said to the officer, who had been sent to him. Both these exactly agreed. "I had rather," said the Emperor, "that Holland should return into the power of the house of Orange, than into that of my brother. If he have a hundred thousand men to oppose to me, he may endeavour to take it from me, &c."

In 1814 Louis returned as a private individual to Paris.

"He alighted at his mother's. He could not see the Emperor till ten days after his arrival. Orders to remove to the distance of forty leagues from Paris were hinted to him. The Prince of Neuchatel, and the Duke of Vicenza, came to him formally to renew to him these orders, which he refused to obey, because no one had a right to prevent him from dwelling in his own house."

"At length, on the 10th of January he saw the Emperor through the mediation of the Empress. They approached each other coolly, without embracing. It would be difficult to form an idea of what Louis inwardly felt at seeing again a brother, to whom his infancy was so much indebted, but of whom he had so many reasons to complain, since

his life and future prospects had been sacrificed to worldly illusions and politics."

On the entrance of the Allies into Paris, he accompanied the Empress to Blois, thence went to Lausanne, and in September to Rome, where he has since resided, superintending the education of his son.

Though rather a heavy work, and not very purely, though faithfully translated, there is a great deal of important matter in these three volumes; which, if not calculated for mere English popularity, will no doubt find their way to most of the libraries of statesmen and politicians.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LITERARY FUND.

We have felt rather reluctant to give any account of the annual commemoration of this fund on the 4th, because the meeting was altogether unworthy of the occasion. There were indeed several respectable noblemen and gentlemen present, and some literary characters, whose names are known to the public; but the number assembled was very limited, and both in distinction of rank and letters, and in the amount of the subscription, the results fell far short of what ought to mark the anniversary of so generally interesting and excellent an institution. In truth, there is evidently something radically wrong in the management of this noble charity. This year the failure was ascribed to delays and blunders in not getting stewards in time, and in not apprizing those who had been procured, so as to enable them to act efficiently. But the Literary Fund has never occupied the place it ought to fill among the benevolent associations of the country. There is hardly a club of any sort, or hospital of third rate consequence, which does not outstrip it; and as for the more public charities connected with the arts, the drama, &c. their success trebles and quadruples that of one which ought to stand pre-eminent, as its objects are the encouragement of universal literature, and relief of unfortunate authors. There is no part of the community which does not feel a sympathy with the plan; and yet it pines in comparative obscurity, and but for a remarkable legacy, would hardly be competent to assuage the distresses of a dozen perishing scholars in a twelvemonth.

We take this view of the subject without designing, far less desiring, to impute blame to any of the persons whose names appear among the officers of the society. The zeal, talents, and diligence of several of the most official are acknowledged by those who have better opportunities than we possess of appreciating their services. We only say, that from some cause or other, either from gentlemen being averse to thrust themselves too forward, or from the duty which many should perform being performed by none,—the thing has been ill conducted. Happily we trust, for the fund, this fact was stated at the meeting in a neat address,

delivered by one of the stewards, the Hon. Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, and further animated upon by the chairman, the Earl of Blessington. It is therefore to be hoped, that the disposition consequently manifested to promote the good cause, with greater concert and vigour, will not evaporate before the next anniversary. Several useful hints as to previous arrangements were thrown out; and, as they seemed to be unanimously approved of, it is to be presumed they will be strenuously acted upon, and that we shall not again have the painful task of censuring, where it is so desirable that we should have only praise and gratulation to utter.

The meeting amounted to about 120, and included, besides the chairman, Lords Pomfret and Bolton, Sir W. Clayton, G. Watson Taylor, Mr. D. Kinnaird, Mr. Heber, Mr. Chalmers, Dr. Symonds, Rev. C. P. Burney, &c. &c. &c. When the customary toasts were disposed of, and the glee peculiar to the day had been performed, by the veteran Shield, and other musicians, Mr. Fitzgerald went upon a table, and recited an address, being the twenty-fourth which he has composed for these anniversaries. Of the good intention and philanthropy of these exhibitions, no one can entertain a doubt; and the author is most deservedly respected for his constant devotion to the interests of the Literary Fund. But we must question the expediency of tabular recitations, which are rather inconsistent with English manners, and are, in themselves, more likely to excite ridicule than to inspire respect. We wish they were discontinued, and Lord Byron's taunt* disproved in both its branches. Several admirable songs, by Brahms, were more exhilarating; and the statement, by Mr. Yates, that the permanent fund for general purposes amounted to above 6000*l*. was still more cheering.

Towards the conclusion of the evening, the noble president was very successful in creating an enthusiasm in favour of the charity: and some stewards of considerable power having been nominated for next year, we anticipate that an assemblage will take place, at which the highest rank, and the proudest abilities, will be seen crowding, as they ought, to honour and promote the Literary Fund.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

Vienna, 27th April.—Mr. Steinheil, who has for nearly four years daily observed the sun, and carefully noted, in a journal, the dark or bright spots which became visible, noticed, on the 12th of February this year, at 45 minutes past ten, A. M. a spot distinguished from every other, by its well defined, circular form, by its circular atmosphere, by its orange colour, and particularly by its singular motion, as it crossed the sun's disk

* His Lordship notes the period of Mr. Fitzgerald's recitation as that when the company have drunk so much bad port, as to relish bad verses. Now, the host of the Freemasons' takes care to give good port; and, if the verses were withheld, the noble bard's accusation would fall to the ground entirely.

in five hours, nearly. As he made this interesting observation during an excursion into the country, it was not possible to have the aid of instruments, or to communicate the phenomenon early enough to others. It would be very possible to attain, in this manner, the discovery of a planet nearer to the sun than Mercury.

Remarkable Phenomena in the late Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, communicated by a scientific writer of distinction.

Naples, March 6th.—Vesuvius has continued, ever since October 1818, to pour out streams of lava; that in particular of the last eruption, on the 25th November, 1819, not only continues, but increases. M. Gimbernat prosecutes his observations, in hopes of seeing the end of this long series of eruptions, of which he witnessed the commencement, that he may afterwards examine the effects that have been produced in the interior of the crater, to which access is possible as soon as the volcano becomes more quiet. According to his observations, the following are the principal occurrences since the commencement, in November last. In the night of the 1st of January the stream of lava, which, till then, had remained pretty equal, suddenly rose considerably above the sides of its bed, rushed forwards, and divided itself into two streams of fire. At the same time the principal crater threw out flames and stones in great quantities. On the 4th, at two in the afternoon, there was a loud explosion, which the Neapolitans took for a clap of thunder, as in general they never think of Vesuvius, except when it threatens them.* With this detonation, several ignited substances, and above 30 feet of the edge of the crater, were thrown into the air, by which the top of Vesuvius lost some toises of its height. The great crater therefore, which was higher than that which is called the little crater, is now the lower, as respects the level of the opening. The smoke, which usually rises from the crater in columns, or in round masses, now often assumes a circular or ring shape, ascends in constant rotation, and changes its white colour to blue, as it spreads in the atmosphere. A second brilliant phenomenon appeared in the night of the 13th. A bright, very much extended light, like the Aurora-borealis, diffused an uncommon lustre to a considerable height over the crater. It was caused by the reflection in the clouds of an immense fire burning in the interior of the volcano; but no flames were at this time visible above the crater. This volcanic meteor illumined seven nights successively with increasing splendour; when, on the 16th, a violent eruption threw up so many stones, that they in a short time choked up the two springs (one of fresh water, and one impregnated with muriatic acid) which Mr. Gimbernat had collected, and kept up for above a year on the summit of Vesuvius. At the same time the stream of lava greatly increased, and diverged into three branches, the longest of which

* The first volume of the *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences*, at Naples, is just published: it does not contain a single word about Vesuvius!

was 1500 toises in length, and 6 toises in breadth. These streams of fire diminished on the 25th, and, on the following day, the crater again threw out clouds of black smoke. On the 27th, fresh showers of stones again buried the fountains, the utility of which had induced the guide to Vesuvius, Salvatore, to repair it at his own expence, for the use of the numerous travellers who ascend the volcano, and are generally much incommoded by thirst. In the night of the 28th, flames issued in abundance from the cleft out of which the lava flowed. They formed a pyramid of fire, about 50 feet high, which seemed to be a current of ignited hydrogen gas. This beautiful thermolamp burned without interruption through the night, on the top of the mountain; when the sun rose it disappeared, but it shone again in the following night. At the beginning of February the top of Vesuvius was covered with snow, while its fire raged with redoubled fury. There was then occasion to admire the striking contrasts of nature: deep snow surrounded the flaming mouth of the volcano, and the constantly flowing stream of lava.

On the 13th the inhabitants of Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, were alarmed by violent shocks at the foot of the mountain, accompanied by loud explosions inside. An electrical conductor, which M. Gimbernat had erected on the summit of Vesuvius, and which was connected with a voltaic electrometer, showed an uncommonly strong positive electricity about the crater, but with continual variations, not to be ascertained, and which, perhaps, were caused by the great mass of vapours spread by the incessant eruptions during this operation. In the following night, a storm from the south brought torrents of rain, which continued for four days. The fires of Vesuvius raged with still greater fury amidst these floods of water. On the 20th of February, a new eruption of lava succeeded this storm. The melted substances flowed with such rapidity, that they advanced 600 toises in less than an hour. The old stream of lava of the 25th of November, had extended to above 1500 toises. At the same time the flames and the stones rose from the centre above 500 feet into the air, as calculated by the time which the highest of the latter took to descend.

The subterraneous motions which were propagated in the whole wide circumference of Vesuvius, several times shook the houses of Torre del Greco, and other towns on the coast. A quantity of lapilli (little pieces of lava), were thrown above an Italian mile from the crater, and suffocating vapours extended beyond Portici. They rushed, with a loud roaring, from the lateral openings of the volcano; and, as these were too narrow for them, they forced open two new and larger ones, in the form of craters, about 50 feet in circumference, through which stones and flames rose at intervals into the air, for several hours. The principal lava stream increased, overflowed, branched into several fiery currents, and extended to above 50 feet in breadth. The fire issuing from both craters exceeded the preceding, being higher and more frequent. In the night of

the 24th, the mountain displayed its whole dreadful grandeur. The next day it seemed inclined to repose; the columns of fire ceased, the lava stood still, and seemed to be going out. This repose was of no long duration. After throwing out vast clouds of black dust (improperly called volcanic ashes), which, on the 25th were so frequent, and thick, as to darken the Appennines at noon-day, the eruptions of burning matter recommenced on the 27th with great fury. Vesuvius threw large stones to the distance of above a mile into the valley which separates it from Monte Somma, and Ottajano. A new stream of lava poured over the old one, and separated into several branches. The detonations were so violent, and the houses in the neighbouring places trembled so often, that the people passed the night in dread of an impending catastrophe. The quantity and thickness of the lava were such, that, notwithstanding the full light of the moon, the stream resembled a red-hot iron arrow, a thousand toises in length, aimed in an oblique direction from the clouds at the earth, amidst the darkness. A violent southwest wind raised, on the 29th, a storm from the sea, which continued five successive days, accompanied with torrents of rain, hail, and claps of thunder. During this storm, the sea ran dreadfully high, and Vesuvius seemed to partake of its fury. In general the activity of the mountain has much increased since the 1st of March. An incessant roaring is heard in its bowels, like the waves of the sea in a storm. Numerous subterraneous shocks shake the doors and windows of the houses in the villages at the foot of the mountain, and the eruptions of flame and stones from the crater are more frequent. In the last six days these fiery eruptions filled the whole mouth of the crater, rose above 100 toises into the air, and recurred at intervals of three to five minutes, accompanied with strong detonations. During the day they appear as immense pillars of white smoke. The lava continues to flow in uncommon quantities. The scene is at present the more attractive, because the high pyramid of Vesuvius, as well as the adjacent mountains, is covered with snow two feet deep. This gives the Gulph of Naples the appearance of one of the great Alpine lakes, and combines the wonders of Vesuvius and of Mont Blanc. Thus the mountain has been at work these fifteen months; and its violence increased during the southerly storm in February and March, constantly in proportion with the motion of the sea. M. Gimbernat has already observed this coincidence six times; and it seems incontestably to prove the efficacy of sea water, as one of the causes of volcanoes. The observers of Vesuvius now living cannot remember so continued a series of eruptions. Of the lava which issued from the mountain on the 1st of January M. Gimbernat has made medals, in honour of the prince whose liberality has enabled him to continue his researches for so long a period. These Vesuvian medals bear on one side the inscription, "Long live King Maximilian Joseph, Bavaria, and the Wittelsbachs!" and on the reverse, "Lava of Ve-

suvius, 1st Jan. 1820, as a homage from Gimbernat."

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, MAY 13.

On Saturday last the following Degrees were conferred:

MASTER OF ARTS.—W. Coltman, Esq. Brasenose College, grand compounder; Oliver Cave, Balliol College. **BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—J. Reynolds Johnson, Balliol College; J. Sheffield Cox, Pembroke College.

On Wednesday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.—Rev. William Benson, Rector of Hampton Poyle, &c. and formerly fellow of Queen's College, grand compounder. **MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Rev. Thomas Walker, University College; Conrade H. Coulthurst, Brasenose College; A. Macdonnell, Student of Christ Church; J. Henderson, Balliol College; Rev. David Williams, and Rev. Walter Powell, Jesus College. **BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—Samuel Johnson, and John Hampson Johnson, Lincoln College; S. Hartopp Knapp, Merton College; J. Edmund Jones, St. Edmund Hall; E. R. Taylor, Wadham College; G. Edge Larden, Brasenose College.

The subject of the Cambridge Seatonian prize poem for the present year is—*The Omnipresence of the Supreme Being.*

FINE ARTS.

SPRING GARDEN EXHIBITION.

We gave a general view of this Exhibition on its opening; we now return to notice some of its leading pictures.

No. 17. *The Tight Shoe.*—H. Richter. Every body can tell where his own shoe pinches, but nobody could excell Mr. Richter in telling, through the medium of the pencil, where another's shoe inflicts this misery upon him. He has given us a truly comic piece, enriched with all the additions of brilliant colouring and masterly execution. The external and internal accessories are made skilfully to augment the humours of the subject; each appropriate, and each in its kind tending to enhance the value of the principal. The stocks in the distance are at once congenial emblems of suffering, and hints at that sobriety of life and conversation of which some of the party may aptly be reminded. The Chelsea Pensioner, with two wooden legs, giving advice, is, rare case! a disinterested counsellor, and his calamity is here a matter of innocent joke, and much in unison with the whim of Tight Shoes:—

"His limbs are in the grave:
After life's lengthened marches, he walks well;
Bullets have done their worst: nor steel, nor grape-shot,
Surgeons domestic, foreign warfare, nothing,
Can touch him further.

The evident assurance of the cobbler, and his assertions (we hear them), that nothing can fit better; the signs of former suffering in the countryman; and, in short, all the

particulars of this picturesque drama, belong in an eminent degree to the true comedy of art.

Forty Three Drawings.—Copley Fielding. There is hardly one of these drawings but possesses some character of excellence. The artist is fond of extraordinary atmospheric effects; and in some of his delineations of these, the eye which has not looked at these things as a painter's eye does, will be at a loss to reconcile his works to individual truth, though from confessing his powers, it may without an effort be conceded, that his close junction of the utmost warmth and coldness of colour, may in reality have been found in nature.

No. 95. *Jupiter nursed in the Isle of Crete, by the Nymphs and Corybantes.*—J. Cristall.

This is a highly classical and elevated composition, displaying great powers of poetical feeling, and great skill in some of the superior qualities of art. The tones are however crude, and the purple hues of the flesh are such as no good colourist would admit. The want of keeping, as well as massing, must also be allowed as slight drawbacks to an otherwise very fine performance.

Nos. 103. and 113. *Pieces of Windsor and Battersea, from Millbank.*—J. Varley.

Two very clear and beautiful specimens of this artist's talents, uniting the lightness of water-colours with the solidity of oils.

Nos. 2, 3, 12, and about a score of others.—G. F. Robson.

It is difficult to speak in detail of this artist's performances, from the number and variety which they present. Some preference will however fall to distinguish our choice, and the Nos. 12. and 23, of *Sunset and Twilight*, are among the most striking examples of his pencil. No artist appears more master of his means; and the singleness and simplicity of his execution have a charm no labour can bestow.

Nos. 5, 11, &c. &c. &c.—Samuel Prout.

The most prominent picture of the number which this artist exhibits, is 291, *An Indian on Shore*, which is finely adapted to his broad style and pencilling: his ancient towns in France are also of the same character, and display very great genius.

No. 117. *Rival Candidates.*—E. Landseer.

"Two dogs that were na thrang at hame:"

But not the dogs of Burns. In this picture one of the aqueous breed has brought a staff out of the water, which a terrier seizes, and is trying to wrest from him the moment he gets dripping to the shore. The humour and whim of this subject are exquisite: animal expression could not be carried further, and these dogs are exactly what Mulready's boys are, at Somerset House.

No. 141. *Una, from Spenser.*—W. Bewick.

We fear that the light in this work is not to be accounted for on rules of art. The painter has attempted too literally to translate the poet. There is nevertheless a degree of stillness and solemnity about the picture, and something of promising execution.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Nos. 79. 89. *Skirmish: Combats, from the Novel of Old Mortality.*—*Ab. Cooper, R. A. Elect.*

These are animated and vigorous illustrations of the same subjects which the artist treated on a smaller scale at the British Institution. They have the merit of being better drawn, and for spirit and execution yield to Wouvermans perhaps in nothing but in the management of the chiar oscuro, and the exquisite touch of his distances. The massing is equally fine; and, if not so highly finished, there is as firm a pencil, and almost similar correctness.

No. 131. *Chreimhild, the Widow of Siegfried the Swift, &c.*—*H. Fuseli, R. A.*

This is a scene founded on the ancient superstition, that a corpse would bleed afresh on the approach of the murderers. In our first glance at the Exhibition, we stated that it was composed in a high tone of imagination; and we are sorry that upon further acquaintance, we cannot extend our commendation. Eyes bidding farewell to their sockets, feet like harpy claws, and colouring which involves dead and living in one iron tone, become more and more disagreeable in proportion to the size of the picture; and this is one of the largest which Mr. F. has lately produced. As for perspective, the learned professor seems resolute to confine his knowledge of it to his lectures. The dead body might readily be mistaken for that of a female, instead of a warrior renowned in the *Aventura*.

No. 145. *Lear.*—*H. Howard, R. A.*

With more of elegance than of force, with more of art than of passion, Mr. Howard has made his *Lear*, at least, far superior as a poetical portrait, to any of his late dramatic representatives. The Dover Cliffs are sweetly painted; but in other respects we observe nothing to distinguish this from the artist's manner in former works.

No. 180. *Village of Waterloo. Travellers purchasing Relics, &c.*—*G. Jones.*

Mr. Jones has advanced far on the high road towards the top of the hill of fame: he is advancing. The present subject is worthy of his talents, and he has applied them admirably to illustrate it. Without going into details, we shall merely state that for design, execution, and interest, we consider his performance to be entitled to the approbation of the lovers of the arts, and of the lovers of their country's glory.

No. 215. *Bargaining for China.*—*W. Ingalton.*

We are glad to notice this artist again in terms of praise. We know not if he reads our remarks, but he has returned to the right path, which he was leaving in one or two of his later pictures. This is an exceedingly clever production, in its class.

No. 274. *Cupid.*—*W. Owen, R. A.*

This is a funny-looking arch fellow, of the Puck genus. That his mother was the goddess of beauty, may be doubted. He is the cupid of a Flemish droll, and not of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

MR. ISABEY'S EXHIBITION.

This celebrated French artist has opened an exhibition of his works at 61, Pall Mall; which he has fitted up in a pavilion fashion, worthy of imitation, both for its neat effect and for the excellence with which it throws the light over the pictures.

It is natural to suppose that the gallery of a foreign artist, and especially of one, like Mr. Isabey, of talents acknowledged to be of so high an order as to rank him among the foremost in the French school, should excite a lively interest among British Painters and Amateurs. With these however it may be a question, whether productions so different from what they are accustomed to admire, and on which their tastes have been formed, can be appreciated altogether without prejudice. For ourselves, we can only say, that we have endeavoured to dismiss from our minds the predilections in favour of particular styles and manners, and not to ground our opinions upon any system of exclusive preference. That there does exist very opposite feelings with regard to art, between France and England, is not to be denied; and if it were denied, this Exhibition would disprove the allegation. The defects, as well as the qualities belonging to each, are distinct; and it may with justice be remarked, that relinquishing a portion of dogmatism would be extremely advantageous to either. For if there are errors to avoid, there are also beauties to imitate, on both sides; and in many instances a little of the French finish might be as beneficially bestowed upon our bolder sketches, as in others the spirit of our school might be admitted to elevate the precision of our continental competitors.

Mr. Isabey's Exhibition is attractive on account of its novelty, its variety, the nature of many of its subjects, and its general character, as enabling the public to draw such comparisons as those with which we have set out. On a first visit and examination of the 74 pieces of which it consists, we were most struck by No. 2, "Staircase of the Museum at Paris," in water-colours, and painted on copper prepared in a peculiar way by the artist, so as to impart to it the effect of ivory as to finish, and of oil as to vigour and solidity. This is indeed a beautiful specimen. The architecture is admirable, and the figures charmingly painted. A lady in a black gown with a green shawl, is an example of the most successful management of costume and perfect elegance of form.

No. 7, "The Parade on the Tuileries," is the grandest drawing in the room, and eminent both for finish and spirit. The portraits are very interesting; the horses, by Vernet, well executed; and the tout ensemble impresses us with a high opinion of the artist's powers in composition.

Several drawings "à l'estompe" resemble our mezzotint prints. In general we would remark, that Mr. Isabey appears to us to be the Vanderwerf of our day. His miniatures are light, fanciful, and pretty; and these also interest as from the persons of whom they are the likenesses. Some of the

smaller sketches are full of energy;—the frame, No. 64, may be viewed as a good proof of this:—it is only when colours are employed that the artist seems (according to our notions) to fail. In his landscapes of this class, there is no fine feeling, no poetry, nor imagination; and as mere transcripts from nature, the total absence of air-tint, and the use of the crudest green, entirely destroy their claim to consideration as elevated performances. The bistre landscapes are better. A few caricatures are exceedingly clever and humorous. The Congress at Vienna is curious, on account of the portraits, but inferior as a work of art to the *Parade*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

On Mrs. Holland's Picture at the Royal Academy, of "The Ancient City, by Moonlight."

How beautiful! with what rich mellowed light
The rising moon illumines the evening sky,
Dispelling twilight's dim obscurity:
The distant landscape glimmers on the sight,
Veil'd in the floating mists of dewy night;
And in the tranquil pride of majesty,
The glorious city lifts its walls on high,
Temples, and palaces, and shadowed tombs,
Where none disturbs the mournful sigh which comes
From hearts half breaking o'er them.—Silently
The deep broad waters flow, where breezes die,
Rippling the surface, and alone betrayed
Where one long broken line spreads o'er the shade
With quenchless splendor, sparkling restlessly.
May 6, 1820. A. S.

AN EPITAPH,

BY FRANCOIS MAYNARD.

Cy git Jean qui baïssoit les yeux
A la rencontre des gens sobres,
Et qui prioit souvent les dieux,
Que l'année eût plusieurs Octobres.

TRANSLATED.

Here lies friend John, who droop'd his head
At sight of a comrade sober,
And prayed each night on going to bed,
That every month were October.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

VIRGINIUS.—On Wednesday a tragedy, founded on the well known and often dramatized Roman story of the death of Virginia, and the consequent revolution, which overthrew the authority of Appius Claudius and the Decemviri, was produced at this theatre. The author is stated to be an Irish gentleman, of the name of Knowles, and a distant relation of the late Mr. Sheridan. As a dramatic writer, he has sustained his claim to that affinity; for it gives us pleasure to say, that his play was most deservedly successful. It is difficult to speak with any degree of correctness upon the poetry or composition of a tragedy, from merely being present at a first night's performance. The impression upon our minds is, that there is more of natural beauty and pathos, than of the elevation of the tragic muse, in *Virginus*; that the touches of filial and paternal feeling

are more frequent and just, than sustained and deeply wrought; and, in general, that the effects are produced rather by brief and vivid strokes, than by lofty and magnificent bursts of passion. We further noticed some sweet poetical images—such, for instance, as a comparison of the heroine, between girl and woman, to the season which is more than spring, but not yet summer. Several strongly expressed patriotic sentiments obtained their due meed of applause from the audience; and, with very few and unimportant exceptions, (which should, however, be expunged*) the language appeared to us to be terse and forcible, and not inconsistent with the dignity of the buskin. We, of course, do not include in this observation the passages intended to relieve the graver colloquy, and in which one Siccius Dentatus very closely imitates Menenius Agrippa, the humourist in *Coriolanus*. Of these it is enough to say, that however puns may be doomed extra-tragical by critics, they were relished by the great majority of Mr. Bull's family at the theatre on Wednesday.

In the construction of his plot, Mr. Knowles has displayed considerable art, and some want of skill. With the death of Virginia under her father's knife, in the fourth act, the great interest of the piece terminates; and the fifth act, in which Virginus, rendered insane by his misfortunes, strangles Appius in prison, is not only a work of supererogatory horror, but improbable in action, and injurious to the nobler sensations previously excited. The improbability consists in the free egress and regress to the dungeon where the fallen Decemvir is immured; and the horror, in the violent process of gripping a man by the neck to suffocation upon the stage (though we have a precedent in *Othello*); and adding to this brutality, which could only be tolerated on the English stage, the Frenchified incident of bringing in Virginia's funeral urn, craped and pallid, in order to restore her distracted parent to recollection and reason. These things, we are of opinion, are not only objectionable in themselves, but very badly associated together. In other respects, the author has evinced his judgement in making Numatorius the uncle of Virginia; in giving her a betrothed husband, Icilius, and an affectionate matron nurse, Serva; and in the conduct by which he has contrived to render a second appearance before the tribunal of Appius, (a great dramatic difficulty), so far from being a dull repetition, a varied and affecting source of excellence.

The characters are all ably drawn, and well marked. Virginus is a powerful union of fatherly love, and stern public virtue. Appius, a good picture of a mind rendered furious by the indulgence of lawless appetites, and the exercise of arbitrary authority. Virginia, innocent and timid, and Icilius, a lover worthy of her and of her father, on account of his tenderness and bravery. There are fine traits in Dentatus; and even the inferior agents, the sycophant favourite,

* *Et. gr.* In describing Virginus as recovering from a trance, Numatorius says, "When to himself he came."

Claudius; the faithful Serva; the friendly Numatorius, &c.; are sufficiently distinguished for the purpose of general interest.

Having thus noticed the principal features of the tragedy, we would wish, before paying a just tribute of applause to the actors, to add up, in one short sentence, that we think it not only a production of much promise, but one of great intrinsic merit, and extremely honourable to the writer, who, if he does not move among the giants of the highest order, has avoided all turgidity and ambitious bombast, and laid the public under a debt of gratitude, for a very natural, pathetic, and pleasing work.

Macready's acting baffles that praise which must be condensed within small compass. His transitions from affection to rage, from rage to grief, and from grief to madness, are indescribably fine. They must be seen and felt in order to have an adequate idea of their truth, their nature, and their force. C. Kemble, with a severe hoarseness, played up to this leading part: in the first trial scene, where he has most scope, he is also eminently effective. Abbott's portraiture of the tyrant, is just and admirable. Nothing can be better conceived than the fierce and burning energy of his passion for Virginia. Terry, in Dentatus, is finely discriminating; and Miss Foote, as Virginia, though languid, affords a very fair semblance of the hapless virgin. The minor parts were very respectably performed, and the tragedy was entirely successful.

VARIETIES.

Liqueur Names.—A Hamburg mercantile letter, which we have now before us, contains among the articles of its "Price-current," the following list of Liqueurs—

"Spirit of Cupid; Fire of Love; Pleasure of Venus; Spirit of Wellington; Spirit of Blucher; Belle Alliance; Choice of the Ladies; Perfect Love; Sacrifice of Love; Courage-Water; Forget me not."

The assassins (three in number) of the Saxon Professor of Painting, Kugeleken, have been discovered, and committed to prison in Dresden.

Dandy Criticism.—We are fond of dandy criticism, and gather illustrative anecdotes when we can. Two of these worthies were examining Mulready's picture in the exhibition, in which there is a sneaking cur dog; and the following conversation ensued.—*Dandy-primus.* "D—d fine 'pon my soul! d—d expressive! what is it?" *Dandy-secundus*, (blowing over the leaves of his catalogue with a gentle breath, and assisting himself with a gloved hand). "The wolf and the lamb." *Dandy-primus.* "Exquisite, by gad—(looking at the cur) I see the wolf, but 'pon honour I can't find the lamb!"

Dandy-secundus. "Pr'haps he has eat it!" Earl Spencer is spoken of as the probable successor of Sir Joseph Banks, who is about to resign the presidency of the Royal Academy.—*M. Post.*

Anecdotes of Translation.—A French poet having lately undertaken the arduous

task of translating Shakespeare into his own language, was much puzzled with the lines in *Henry IV*—

"E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in looks, so woe begone."

The former epithets he got through pretty well; but at length concluded the verse with, "si triste allez vous en."

Another of these translators rendered "Out, out, brief candle," *Sortez, sortez, courte chandelle.*

A third, thus entitled "Much ado about nothing," which he translated for the Parisian stage "*Beaucoup de bruit pour peu de chose.*"

The Vampire story has been dramatized for the Parisian Theatre of the Porte Saint Martin.

Our correspondents from St. Petersburg are full of the treasures brought from the East, by our countryman, Sir Robert Ker Porter, and shipped for England, in the form of Antiquities, Drawings, &c. His drawings of Asiatic Architecture are very curious; particularly those of the times of Darius and Shah Abbas; and not a few novel beauties of architectural decoration may be found in the ancient classic and Saracenic fragments of the palaces of Persepolis, Ispahan, Bagdad, &c. Sir Robert brings home with him some interesting specimens of, perhaps, the oldest building in the world: bricks and cement from the foundation of the Temple of Belus, at Babylon, believed by antiquaries to be the remains of the Tower of Nimrod.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY, 1820.

Thursday, 11—Thermometer from 49 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 15.

Wind S. b. W. 3.—Morning and noon cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.

Friday, 12—Thermometer from 42 to 69.

Barometer, stationary at 30, 20.

Wind S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, with sunshine the greater part of the day.

Saturday, 13—Thermometer from 37 to 62.

Barometer, from 30, 16 to 30, 07.

Wind S. F. 3.—A foggy morning, and generally cloudy. A halo formed at times in the morning, faintly coloured.

Sunday, 14—Thermometer from 45 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 04 to 29, 99.

Wind S. b. W. 3.—Clouds generally passing, with sunshine, till the evening, when it became clear.

Monday, 15—Thermometer from 41 to 64.

Barometer from 30, 00 to 29, 97.

Wind S. and S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, sunshine at times.

Tuesday, 16—Thermometer from 40 to 58.

Barometer from 29, 87 to 29, 90.

Wind S. W. 2.—Generally cloudy, with showers of rain at times.

Rain fallen .45 of an inch.

Wednesday, 17—Thermometer from 45 to 64.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 29, 88.

Wind S. W. 2. and S. b. W. 3.—Clouds passing, rain at times. A very strongly coloured halo formed in the afternoon about 3, and a parhelia on each side of it, both very strong.

A halo formed in the evening round the moon.

Rain fallen .1 of an inch.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

This GALLERY will be opened with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS representing some of the most distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, on Monday the 29th instant. By Order,

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Drawings.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 23d, at one precisely, A very fine Collection of framed and unframed Water-color DRAWINGS, comprising some very beautiful high finished productions, chiefly of the English School, viz.—Dewint, Girtin, Nicholson, Nash, R. and W. Westall, Hill, Owen, Prout, Pugin, J. Varley, Lafitte, Rowlandson, Uwins, Cox, Smith, Thurston, Mackenzie, and Burney. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

Pictures.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday, May 25th, at one precisely, A Small Collection of highly finished CABINET PICTURES, the genuine Property of a private Gentleman; among which are several specimens of considerable merit, particularly the works of Leo, da Vinci, Tintoretto, Broughel, Cagliari, Giorgione, Old Teniers, Jan Steen, Zuccerelli, &c. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

Antique and Modern Marble Sculpture, Italian Marble Slabs, &c.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, May 30th, at one precisely, A very valuable assemblage of Antique and Modern ITALIAN MARBLE SCULPTURE, consisting of Groups, single Figures, and Busts, particularly the Roman Charity, size of life; Prometheus; Bacchus on the Goat Amalthus; Cupid and Psyche, of the school of Canova; a Sleeping Venus, by Locatelli; and Busts and Figures of fine Italian workmanship. Also a pair of Corinthian Columns, of beautiful Oriental Marble with antique Capitals, in high preservation; together with several very fine Verd Antique, Porphyry Granite, and other Italian Marble Slabs, Mosaics, &c. To be viewed and Catalogues had three days preceding.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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The Coinage—Weights and Measures—and Prison Laws.

Lackington, Hughes, and Co. beg leave to announce the Publication of the following Works, upon Subjects of importance, which are likely to engage the attention of Parliament during the present Session.—*Finchbury Square, May 1.*

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